INTERNATIONAL PRESS ASSOCIATION.

CHAPTER XXV.

THE receipt of Miss Hetherington's check seemed to come like oil upon the troubled waters of the little household. Caussidiere was certainly pleased. Though it was not so much, he said, as the old miser might have sent, it was certainly acceptable under the circumstances.

After taking care to pocket the draft, he tossed up the boy and kissed him, and told Marjorie he looked as if she coddled him too much. Then he prepared to leave.

"Shall you be back soon, Leon?" asked Marjorie, timidly. Whenever she addressed him now she was always fearful of the reception of her words.

"I shall not return at all," answered Caussidiere; "or rather, I shall be late, as I dine with a little party of friends. Do not sit up for me."

And with another kiss blown airily to his offspring he was off.

Marjorie did not cry or show any sign that this conduct distressed her. She was too used to it for that. She turned in tender despair to her only comfort—the child. They sat alone together, the little one perched on his mother's knee, listening opened mouthed as she talked to him of her old home. She told him of Miss Hetherington, about the manse, and Mr. Lorraine, who lay quietly asleep in the little kirkyard. How strange it would be, she thought, to take the little one there. How Miss Hetherington would love him; how old Solomon would stare and call it "uncanny" to hear him prattling so prettily in French! Ah! but would the day ever come when she could take him there indeed?

Long after the child had gone to bed, Marjorie sat by the fire thinking of those happy days; she wrote to Miss Hetherington, concealing as well as she could the dark spots in her life, speaking cheerfully and happily of her little boy, and still dwelling upon the hope of one day bringing him to her old home.

Then she sat down to wait for her husband.

Caussidiere was late, and when he appeared Marjorie saw at a glance that all his good humor had left him. He was angry at finding her up; accused her of wishing to time his going and coming, and peremptorily ordered her to bed. Without a word Marjorie obeyed; she saw that he was rather the worse for liquor, and that anything she might say would provoke him.

The next morning she rose early, according to her usual custom. To her amazement, just as she was about to give the child his breakfast, Caussidiere came down.

He had dressed with unusual care; he took his breakfast silently, and when it was over he went up stairs again to add a few more touches to his already carefully made toilet; then he reappeared, nodded to the boy and to Marjorie—he was too well dressed to touch either—and left the house.

Though he had said nothing, Marjorie was certain from his dress and mysterious manner that it was no ordinary work that had called him away that morning, and as she thought of the strange, cold way he had left her, her eyes filled with tears.

Suddenly there was a knock at the door. Hastily brushing away her tears, Marjorie cried "Entrez," and the door opened, admitting a woman, none other than Adele of the Mouche d'Or.

Of all the women of Caussidiere's acquaintance, this was the one whom Marjorie most wished to avoid. She was half afraid of Adele, since she had on one occasion heard her singing one of her songs in a cafe crowded with men. Marjorie's strict Scotch training made her shrink from communion with such a woman. When she saw Adele's face, therefore, she felt troubled, and demanded rather coldly what she sought.

"I seek Caussidiere," returned Adele. "Is he at home?"

"No," returned Marjorie, quietly, "he has gone out."

She thought this answer was conclusive and expected to see Adele disappear, but she was disappointed. She came in, closing the door behind her, walked over to little Leon, and patted him on the head.

Leon gazed up and smiled; he had no fear of her; but Marjorie made a movement as if to protect him from her touch.

As Marjorie came forward, Adele looked up from the boy's curly head, and asked, almost roughly:

"Where is Caussidiere, did you say?"

"I do not know," returned Marjorie, drawing the boy toward her; "he did not tell me.

"He seems to tell you very little, about himself, madame," said Adele, fixing her eyes strangely upon her companion's face; then she added, suddenly, "Why do you draw the boy away from me?"

Marjorie did not answer, so, with a short, hard laugh, the girl continued:

"I suppose you think, madame, that I am not fit to touch him? Well, perhaps you are right."

"I did not mean that," returned Marjorie, gently.

"If I kissed the little one, would you be angry?" cried Adele, with a curious change of manner. "Ah, madame, I am bad enough, but not quite so bad as you think me. I love little children. I once had a little boy like this of my own."

"A little boy! Then you are married; you have a husband——"

"When my child was only a baby, before he could walk or speak," continued Adele, not heeding the question, "I—I lost him. I do not even know if he is alive or dead."

And she lifted little Leon in her arms, and kissed him wildly.

Marjorie's gentle heart was touched.

"You lost your child?" she cried, full of sympathy.

"He was taken from me, madame. I was too poor to keep him, and one night—one cold winter night—his father placed him in the basket at the Foundling. I have never seen him since—never!"

"How wicked of you; how cruel! To desert your child!"

"You do not understand. In France it is the custom when folk are poor."

Marjorie shrank from the woman in horror. All her maternal heart was in revolt, and with an impulsive gesture she drew little Leon to her and embraced him tenderly.

Adele looked at the pair with a strange expression of mingled sorrow and pity.

"And your husband, madame?" she asked, suddenly. "Is he good to you?"

"Yes. Why do you ask?" says Marjorie, in surprise.

"Never mind," returned Adele, with her old laugh. "For myself, I think that all men are canaille. It is we others, we women, who bear the burden while the men amuse themselves. Why does Caussidiere leave you so much alone? Why does he dress so well, and leave you and the little one so shabby? Ah, he is like all the rest!"

"What my husband does," cried Marjorie, indignantly, "is no concern of yours. I will not hear you say a word against him!"

Adele laughed again.

"You are only a child," she said, moving to the door. "Will you give Monsieur Caussidiere a message from me?"

"Yes, if you wish."

"Tell him he is wanted tomorrow at our place; he will understand."

She half opened the door,then turned and looked back.

"Do you know, madame, that in a few days the Germans will be before Paris?"

"Ah, yes!"

"Let them hasten! I hope they will come soon. I shall not be sorry for one, if they burn Paris to the ground!"

"Why do you say that?" cried Marjorie, shocked at the speaker's tones as well as the words.

"Let them burn Paris, and me with the rest of the people; it will be well!" said Adele, in a low voice, very bitterly. "The bonfire is ripe, madame! But," she added, "I should be sorry if any harm came to you or to the child. Some day, perhaps—who knows?—I may be able to serve you. Will you remember that?"

"What do you mean?" exclaimed Marjorie. "You are a strange woman; you——"

"I am what I am; sometimes I think I am a devil, not a woman at all. Good-by."

And without another word she disappeared, leaving Marjorie lost in wonder at the extraordinary interview between them.

CHAPTER XXVI.

IN leaving Marjorie that day and coming into the street, Caussidiere walked along rapidly in the direction of the boulevards. He hummed a light air as he went,and held up his head with that self-satisfaction only felt by the man who has money in his pocket. Indeed, the receipt of Miss Hetherington's draft had taken a weight off his mind, as he had an appointment that evening with an individual whose tastes were expensive like his own.

His business during the day does not concern us, but when it was evening, and the lights were lit, the cafes thronged, the footpaths full of people coming and going, he reappeared in the center of the city. Lighting a cigar, he strolled up and down; paused at a kiosk and bought a newspaper; then, approaching the front of one of the great cafes, found a vacant seat at a table, ordered some coffee, and sat down in the open air watching the busy throng.

He was sitting thus when his attention was attracted to a figure standing close by him. It was that of a young man dressed carelessly in a tweed suit and wearing a wideawake hat. He was standing in the light of one of the windows, talking to another man, somewhat his senior, whom he had just met. Caussidiere caught a portion of their conversation.

"And hoo lang hae ye been in Paris?" asked the elder man.

"All the summer," replied the other. "I came here to study and paint, and I have been doing very well. How are all in Annandale?"

"Brawly, brawly. Where are you staying?"

Caussidiere did not catch the reply, and the two men moved away with the crowd; but he had recognized, at a glance, in the younger of the interlocutors, an old friend—John Sutherland.

"Diable!" he muttered. "What has brought him to Paris? I must take care that he and Marjorie do not meet."

He rose, paid for his refreshment, and walked away. It was now 8 o'clock. Hailing a fiacre, he jumped in, and ordered the coachman to drive to the theater du Chatelet.

Alighting at the door, Caussidiere strolled into the vestibule, and paid for a seat in one of the balcony boxes. He found the vast place thronged from floor to ceiling to witness the performance of a fairy spectacle, then in its 100th night, the "Sept Filles du Diable," founded on some fanciful eastern story. It was a tawdry piece,with innumerable ballets, processions, pageants, varied with certain scenes of horse-play, in which a corpulent low comedian, a great popular favorite,was conspicuous. Caussidiere was charmed, concentrating his admiring eyes particularly on one black-eyed, thickly-painted lady, who personated a fairy prince and sang "risky" songs, with topical allusions and dancing accompaniments, in a very high shrill voice, to the great rapture of the assembled Parisians. At the end of the third act Caussidiere left his seat and strolled round to the back of the theater.

CHAPTER XXVII.

PASSING the Cerberus of the stage door, by whom he seemed to be well known, Caussidiere soon found himself "behind the scenes," and pushed his way through a confused throng of supernumeraries, figurantes and stage carpenters till he reached the greenroom.

Here he found many of the performers lounging about and standing in the center of the floor. Dressed in a turban and sultan's robes, and surrounded by a group of ladies in all kinds of scanty costumes, was the obese low comedian—as loud voiced, low-foreheaded a satyr of a man as could be found in the theatrical profession, even in Paris.

As Caussidiere appeared, the actor greeted him by name with a loud laugh.

"Welcome, mon enfant, welcome," he cried, shaking hands. "The Germans are approaching, yet behold—we survive!"

The ladies now turned to Caussidiere, who greeted them by their Christian names—Blanche, Rose, Ada, Adele, Sarah, and so on. He seemed to know them well, but, as he talked to them, looked round impatiently for some person who was not present.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

HE WAS JUSTLY DEFEATED.

Came Within Four Inches of Being a Millionaire.

"I'm not going to give names, but you all know that I have no imagination that can invent fairy tales. I literally came within four inches of being a millionaire."

"Go on!" exclaimed the man at the club who is the recognized story promoter in the organization, says the Detroit Free Press.

"I'm telling you right. Some years ago I secured employment in an immense factory that turns out a certain chemical basic used the world over, and as staple as wheat. It was a rule of the establishment that a good man could stay as long as he wanted to in one department, but under no circumstances could he go from one department to another. Every possible precaution was taken against the discovery of the secret process. By a series of studied disguises I succeeded in finding employment in every department but one, and that being where the coloring was done I thought this omission of very little importance. By standing in with one of the office men I succeeded in tracing the parts entering into the principal machines. This was no small job, for there would be one piece made in Portland, Me., andother in San Francisco, another in Dallas, and another would be imported. I went everywhere and mastered the machinery. Then upon a guarantee that I had secured the process I interested capital. When we anxiously analyzed results we found that the stuff was all right except in color. Then I grew desperate and determined to dig my way into the coloring department of the parent institution. Just as I began work on a four-inch partition I was discovered, and incontinently tossed from a second-story window. We found it impossible to master the trick of coloring, and all we had to show for half a million invested was a lot of empty buildings and smokeless stacks. I've concluded since that I got just what I deserved."

Sales of land along the Northern Pacific and Great Northern railways are reported larger than in many years.

TALMAGE'S SERMON.

"GOOD AND BAD CLUB HOUSES" THE TEXT.

From the Text: II. Samuel, II.: 14, as Follows: "Let the Young Men Now Arise and Play Before Us"—Reign of Imperial Debauchery Is Here.

Washington, January 9, 1898.—This discourse of Dr. Talmage will be helpful to those who want to find places with healthful and improving surroundings, and to avoid places deleterious. His text is ii. Sam. 2: 14: Let the young men now arise and play before us.

At this season of the year the club-houses of our towns and cities are in full play. I have found out that there is a legitimate and an illegitimate use of the club-house. In the one case it may become a healthful recreation, like the contest of the twenty-four men in the text when they began their play; in the other case it becomes the massacre of body, mind and soul, as in the case of these contestants of the text when they had gone too far with their sport. All intelligent ages have had their gatherings for political, social, artistic, literary purposes—gatherings characterized by the blunt old Anglo-Saxon designation of "club."

If you have read history you know that there was a King's Head Club, a Ben Johnson Club, a Brothers' Club, to which Swift and Bolingbroke belonged; a Literary Club, which Burke and Goldsmith and Johnson and Boswell made immortal; a Jacobin Club, a Benjamin Franklin Junto Club. Some of these to indicate justice, some to favor the arts, some to promote good manners, some to despoil the habits, some to destroy the soul. If one will write an honest history of the clubs of England, Ireland, Scotland, France and the United States for the last one hundred years, he will write the history of the world. The club was an institution born on English soil but it has thrived well in American atmosphere. Who shall tell how many belong to that kind of club where men put purses together and open house, apportioning the expense of caterer and servants and room, and having a sort of domestic establishment—a style of club-house which in my opinion is far better than the ordinary hotel or boarding-house. But my object now is to speak of club-houses of a different sort, such as the Cosmos, or Chevy Chase, or Lincoln Clubs of this Capital, or the "Union Leagues" of many cities, the United Service Club of London, the Lotos of New York, where journalists, dramatists, sculptors, painters and artists, from all branches, gather together to discuss newspapers, theaters and elaborate art; like the Americus, which camps out in summer time, dimpling the pool with its hook and arousing the forest with its stag hunt; like the Century Club, which has its large group of venerable lawyers and poets; like the Army and Navy Club, where those who engaged in war-like service once on the land or the sea now come together to talk over the days of carnage; like the New York Yacht Club, with its floating palaces of beauty upholstered with velvet and paneled with ebony, having all the advantages of electric bell, and of gas-light, and of king's pantry, one pleasure boat costing three thousand, another fifteen thousand, another thirty thousand, another sixty-five thousand dollars, the fleet of pleasure boats belonging to the club having cost over two million dollars; like the American Jockey Club ,to which belong men who have a passionate fondness for horses, fine horses, as had Job when, in the Scriptures, he gives us a sketch of that king of beasts, the arch of its neck, the nervousness of its foot, the majesty of its gait, the whirlwind of its power, crying out: "Hast thou clothed his neck with thunder? The glory of his nostrils is terrible; he paweth in the valley and rejoiceth in his strength; he saith among the trumpets ha! ha! and he smelleth the battle afar off, the thunder of the captains, and the shouting;" like the Travelers' Club, the Blossom Club, the Palette Club, the Commercial Club, the Liberal Club, the Stable Gang Club, the Amateur Boat Club, the gambling clubs, the wine clubs, the clubs of all sizes, the clubs of all morals, clubs as good as can be, and clubs as bad as bad can be, clubs innumerable. During the day they are comparatively lazy places. Here and there an aged man reading a newspaper, or an employe dusting a sofa, or a clerk writing up the accounts; but when the curtain of the night falls on the natural day, when the curtain of the club-house hoists for the entertainment. Let us hasten up, now, the marble stairs. What an imperial hallway! See! here are parlors on the side, with the upholstery of the Kremlin and the Tuilleries; and here are dining halls that challenge you to mention any luxury that they cannot afford; and here are galleries with sculpture, and paintings, and lithographs, and drawings from the best of artists, Cropsey, and Bierstadt, and Church, and Hart, and Gifford—pictures for every mood, whether you are impassioned or placid; shipwreck, or sunlight over the sea; Sheridan's Ride, or the noonday party of the farmers under the trees; foaming deer pursued by the hounds in the Adirondacks, or the sheep on the lawn. On this side there are reading rooms where you find all newspapers and magazines. On that side there is a library, where you find all books, from hermeneutics to the fairy tale. Coming in and out there are gentlemen, some of whom stay ten minutes, others stay many hours. Some of these are from luxuriant homes, and they have excused themselves for a while from the domestic circle that they may enjoy the larger sociability of the club-house. These are from dismembered households, and they have a plain lodging somewhere, but they come to this club room to have their chief enjoyment. One black ball amid ten votes will defeat a man's becoming a member. For rowdyism, for drunkenness, for gambling, for any kind of misdemeanor, a member is dropped out. Brilliant club-house from top to bottom. The chandeliers, the plate, the furniture, the companionship, the literature, the social prestige, a complete enchantment.

But the evening is passing on, and so we hasten through the hall and down the steps and into the street, and from block to block until we come to another style of club-house. Opening the door, we find the fumes of strong drink and tobacco something almost intolerable. These young men at this table, it is easy to understand what they are at, from the flushed cheek, the intent look, the almost angry way of tossing the dice, or of moving the "chips." They are gambling. At another table are men who are telling vile stories. They are three-fourths intoxicated, and between twelve and one o'clock they will go staggering, hooting, swearing, shouting on their way home. That is an only son. On him all kindness, all care, all culture, has been bestowed. He is paying his parents in this way for their kindness. That is a young married man, who, only a few months ago, at the altar, made promises of kindness and fidelity, every one of which he has broken. Walk through and see for yourself. Here are all the implements of dissipation and of quick death. As the hours of the night go away, the conversation becomes imbecile and more debasing. Now it is time to shut up. Those who are able to stand will get out on the pavement and balance themselves against the lamp-post, or against the railings of the fence. The young man who is not able to stand will have a bed improvised for him in the club-house, or two not quite so overcome with liquor will conduct him to his father's house, and they will ring the door-bell, and the door will open, and the two imbecile escorts will introduce into the hallway the ghastliest and most hellish spectacle that ever enters a front door—a drunken son. If the dissipting club-houses of this country would make a contract with the Inferno to provide it ten thousand men a year, and for twenty years, on the condition that no more should be asked of them, the club-houses could afford to make that contract, for they would save homesteads, save fortunes, save bodies, minds and souls. The ten thousand men who would be sacrificed by that contract would be but a small part of the multitude sacrificed without the contract. But I make a vast difference between clubs. I have belonged to four clubs: A theological club, a ball club and two literary clubs. I got from them physical rejuvenation and moral health. What shall be the principle? If God will help me, I will lay down three principles by which you may judge whether the club where you are a member, or the club to which you have been invited, is a legitimate or an illegitimate club house.

First of all, I want you to test the club by its influences on home, if you have a home. I have been told by a prominent gentleman in club life that three-fourths of the members of the great clubs of these cities are married men. That wife soon loses her influence over her husband who nervously and foolishly looks upon all evening absence as an assault on domesticity. How are the great enterprises of art and literature and beneficence and public weal to be carried on if every man is to have his world bounded on one side by his front door-step, and on the other side by his back window, knowing nothing higher than his own attic, or nothing lower than his own cellar? That wife who becomes jealous of her husband's attention to art, or literature, or religion, or charity, is breaking her own sceptre of conjugal power. I know an instance where a wife thought that her husband was giving too many nights to Christian service, to charitable service, to prayer meetings, and to religious convocation. She systematically decoyed him away until now he attends no church, and is on a rapid way to destruction, his morals gone, his money gone, and, I fear, his soul gone. Let any Christian wife rejoice when her husband consecrates evenings to the service of God, or to charity, or to art, or to anything elevated; but let not men sacrifice home life to club life. I can point out to you a great many names of men who are guilty of this sacrilege. They are as genial as angels at the club house, and as ugly as sin at home. They are generous on all subjects of wine suppers, yachts, and fast horses, but they are stingy about the wife's dress and the children's shoes. That man has made that which might be a healthful recreation an usurper of his affections, and he has married it, and he is guilty of moral bigamy. Under this process the wife, whatever her features, becomes uninteresting and homely. He becomes critical of her, does not like the dress, does not like the way she arranges her hair, is amazed that he ever was so unromantic as to offer her hand and heart. She is always wanting money, money, when she ought to be discussing eclipses, and Dexter, and Derby day, and English drags with six horses

I tell you, there are thousands of houses in the cities being clubbed to death! There are club houses where membership always involves domestic shipwreck. Tell me that a man has joined a certain club, tell me nothing more about him for ten years, and I will write his history if he be still alive. The man is a wine guzzler, his wife broken-hearted or prematurely old, his fortune gone or reduced, and his home a mere name in a directory. Here are six secular nights in the week. "What shall I do with them?" says the father and the husband. "I will give four of those nights to the improvement and entertainment of my family, either at home or in good neighborhood; I will devote one to charitable institutions; I will devote one to the club." I congratulate you. Here is a man who says, "I will make a different division of the six nights. I will take three for the club and three for other purposes." I tremble. Here is a man who says, "Out of the six secular nights of the week, I will devote five to the club house and one to the home, which night I will spend in scowling like a March squall, wishing I was out spending it as I had spent the other five." That man' s obituary is written. Not one out of ten thousand that ever gets so far on the wrong road ever stops. Gradually his health will fail, through late hours and through too much stimulus. He will be first-rate prey for erysipelas and rheumatism of the heart. The doctor coming in will at a glance see it is not only present disease he must fight, but years of fast living. The clergyman,for the sake of the feelings of the family, on the funeral day, will only talk in religious generalities. The men who got his yacht in the eternal rapids will not be at the obsequies. They will have pressing engagements that day. They will send flowers to the coffin lid, and send their wives to utter words of sympathy, but they will have engagements elsewhere. They never come. Bring me mallet and chisel, and I will cut on the tombstone that man's epitaph, 'Blessed are the dead who die in the Lord." "No," you say, "that would not be appropriate." "Let me die the death of the righteous, and let my last end be like his." "No," you say, "that would not be appropriate." Then give me the mallet and chisel, and I will cut an honest epitaph: "Here lies the victim of a dissipating club house!" I think that damage is often done by the scions of some aristocratic family, who belong to one of these dissipating club houses. People coming up from humbler classes feel it an honor to belong to the same club, forgetting the fact that many of the sons and grandsons of the large commercial establishments of the last generation are now, as to mind, imbecile; as to body, diseased; as to morals, rotten. They would have got through their property long ago if they had full possession of it; but the wily ancestors, who earned the money by hard knocks, foresaw how it was to be, and they tied up everything in the will. Now, there is nothing of that unworthy descendant but his grandfather's name and roast beef rotundity. And yet how many steamers there are which feel honored to lash fast that worm-eaten tug, though it drags them straight into the breakers.

Oh, my heart aches! I see men struggling against evil habits, and they want help. I have knelt beside them, and I have heard them cry for help, and then we have risen, and he has put one hand on my right shoulder, and the other hand on my left shoulder, and looked into my face with an infinity of earnestness which the judgment day will have no power to make me forget, as he cried out with his lips scorched in ruin, "God help me!" For such there is no help except in the Lord God Almighty. I am going to make a very stout rope. You know that sometimes a rope maker will take very small threads and wind them together until after a while they become ship cable. And I am going to take some very small, delicate threads, and wind them together until they make a very stout rope. I will take all the memories of the marriage day, a thread of laughter, a thread of light, a thread of music, a thread of banqueting, a thread of congratulation, and I twist them together, and I have one strand. Then I take a thread of the hour of the first advent in your house, a thread of the darkness that preceded, and a thread of the light that followed, and a thread of the beautiful scarf that little child used to wear when she bounded out at eventide to greet you, and then a thread of the beautiful dress in which you laid her away for the resurrection. And then I twist all these threads together, and I have another strand. Then I take a thread of the scarlet robe of a suffering Christ, and a thread of the white raiment of your loved ones before the throne, and a string of the harp cherubic, and a string of the harp seraphic, and I twist them all together, and I have a third strand. "Oh!" you say, "either strand is strong enough to hold fast a world." No. I will take these strands, and I will twist them together, and one end of that rope I will fasten, not to the communion table, for it shall be removed—not to the pillar of the organ, for that will crumble in the ages, but I wind it 'round and 'round the cross of a sympathizing Christ, and having fastened one end of the rope to the cross, I throw the other end to you. Lay hold of it! Pull for your life! Pull for heaven!

The Laplanders.

The Laplanders inhabit the northernmost coasts of the Scandinavian peninsula. "They are ignorant, uncultivated, and torpid, rather savage," says a recent English traveler. "In spite of their frequent contact with the Russians and the Swedes, they have no industrial resources, no art, no other commerce than that which is afforded by the products of the chase, or their fisheries, or their heads of reindeer. Christianity, to which they were converted about two centuries ago, has not aroused them as yet from their moral and intellectual lethargy. All religion being reduced, so far as they are concerned, to oral tradition, the devotion of each is in proportion to his memory. Education among them has attained to this standard that a Laplander who knows his alphabet corresponds to a young man among us who has graduated at Oxford or Cambridge."